

# THE DAILY REBEL.

GRiffin, Ga.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1864.  
MORNING EDITION.

## A Military Murder.

We should rather say an unmerciful murder. We respectfully ask the attention of our authorities to the following narrative which appeared in the columns of the Louisville Journal, of the 4th of July. Even in the height of the storm of war, which, with merciless fury, is raging around, there is a "still, small voice," which should ever be heeded and never drowned. The wrongs of this young man cry to Heaven for atonement. Even the Louisville Journal, in a mild manner, protests against the atrocity, and shall not our own Government, take measures to terminate such crimes against humanity and justice as are here detailed?

The Journal says: "This war, so full of romance and exciting interest, exerts a powerful influence upon the impulsive youth of our land, and almost unconsciously they are drawn into the whirlpool of wild excitement, and aspire to deeds of desperate adventure. Many a youth possessed of a proud and haughty spirit, is thus lured from the quiet walks of life to be rudely tossed, like a cork-shell, upon the angry billows of a seething, raging torrent, then with a career as sudden as a fearful, disappear from light and time, down, down the spiral wind of the boiling vortex of war and misery."

"Dock" Frame, who was born in the halls of wealth and reared in the lap of luxury, a fair-haired youth, possessed of all the fiery impetuosity of the Sunny South, in the earlier stages of the rebellion, through love of adventure, and a daring leader of a guerrilla band, a noted bush-whacker, and a wily scout.

His bold, reckless daring, his thirst for blood, and his wily cunning, soon won for him a wide notoriety, and a name like known to fame and to fear. As a scout he proved himself valuable to the Confederate cause, and as a pilot for raiding parties in Sherman's rear, none was more skillful and successful. Our troops had often attempted to effect his capture, but each expedition sent out for the purpose returned fruitless from the chase. Several days ago a party sent out from Decatur, made a sudden descent on one of his secret haunts, surprised and made him a prisoner. The soldiers at once returned to camp, and, with a feeling of exultation, delivered him up to Col. McConnell, commandant of the post of Decatur. The prisoner was at once assigned to the darkness of a gloomy prison cell. He was kept in confinement several days, and on the morning of the 22d of June was brought from prison. Col. McConnell, without the formality of a military court or the sanction of the commanding General, ordered him to be shot; and a squad of five soldiers was detailed to carry the order into execution.

Much as we abhor guerrilla warfare, and strongly as we advocate the summary punishment of all the outlaws who engage in it, we think Col. McConnell should have given Frame a trial under the military law. There is no doubt that a capital sentence would have been pronounced upon him, and the execution would then have taken place with all due propriety. Now it may lead to retaliation, and thus increase the horrors of the war. Our soldiers would be perfectly justifiable in giving no quarter to guerrillas, bushwhackers, or rebel guides, when taken with arms in their hands; but when once they have been recognized as prisoners, the usages of war, as well as the principles of humanity, forbid their execution without a trial.

No trial was accorded to this young man. He was ordered out of person and shot down, like a dog, after having been treated as a prisoner. If the enemy are permitted to proceed in this manner, all prisoners are at their mercy, and the word of a military satrap may consign them to a summary death.

Every indication now points to an early and a sanguinary battle in the vicinity of Atlanta. That battle may possibly occur to-day. It may be progressing while we write. That it will be stubbornly contested and bloody, is the natural consequence of the condition in which either party would be left by defeat. The Yankee army is far from home and remote from its base; in a country, every foot of which is hostile, and through which a retreat on the heels of a disaster would be impossible. Defeat at the hands of the General Sherman means utter and merciless ruin.

To us, defeat involves the surrender of Atlanta, and the various lines of Railroads leading to it, and the abandonment of more territory—more crops to be exhausted, and more people to be outraged and humiliated, to the foe. It means all of ruin that can be imagined, all of wrong that can be inflicted upon this part of Georgia. Great and vital consequences are depending upon the result of this conflict.

We hope that a kind Providence will give wisdom to our Generals, and strength and valor to our soldiers to win the fight and cover our enemies with confusion. We believe that we will triumph. We have boundless faith in the army of Tennessee, and the Generals who lead it. We know that they will do all that duty can demand, patriotism prompt, and courage inspiring. They are fully conscious of the great responsibilities resting upon them, and will betray no trust confided to their keeping. And we who are behind their lines have duties to perform as well as they. Courage and fortitude are as essential here as there. That gallant army looks to the country behind them to repair disasters which may possibly overtake them, and may be unavoidable, but whether unavoidable or not, must be repaired if they occur or our cause is lost.

Calmer, courage, fortitude, a resolute determination to receive that heroic army if it is driven back upon us mangled and bleeding, bind up its wounds, supply its wants, and place it once more in a condition to meet the enemy, is as much a part of our duty as fighting our battles is a part of theirs. We must not permit reverses to frighten or defeat to appal us; but conscious of the justice of our cause we should rely upon the goodness of the Almighty to give us a victory in his own good time.

## The Capture of Martinsburg.

We have received some additional particulars of the capture of Martinsburg, Maryland, on the 24th instant:

Our forces entered the place in the evening; the enemy, some 7,000 strong, all one hundred day men, with exception of seven hundred regular cavalry, retreated hurriedly on the Harper's Ferry road.

Immense quantities of supplies fell into our hands, with \$1,000,000 worth of Medical and a large amount of Commissary stores, including 100,000 bushels of corn and wheat. These were appropriated by the Confederates.

No casualties occurred on our side, except the slight wounding of Lieut. Brockbridge in the leg. Some twelve or fifteen Yankees were killed. The Union element in that county is said to be strong. But few Southern families remain in Martinsburg.

The citizens supplied the Yankees with all the luxuries they could procure, and the same spirit was exhibited on the road from Martinsburg to Winchester. Yet the few Southern men in the country are firm and unwavering in their devotion to the cause.

To be a good thinker, you must be a little obtuse in eating. The writer who gorges his stomach gives thin grist to his readers.

For the Daily Rebel.]  
In Memoriam—Col. Jno. B. Johnson.

Another heart has ceased its beating.  
Another form is lying still.  
Time shall no longer, unto him, be fleeting.  
Earth shall no longer pain him with its ill.  
His days of toil are numbered, he was taken  
From the great army, fighting for a name,  
Before his frame was nipped by age, or shaken,  
Before his hand had grasped the wreath of Fame.

His sinewy hands  
Lie folded on his bosom, and his rest  
Is like the slumber of a weary child,  
Peaceful and smiling: Oh, how sweet the best  
Who dies for home and country, when the wild,  
Fierce tide of battle, borne by ruffian hands,  
Is bravely met and checked in full career:  
For him is shed love's purest, holiest tear!

How did he die, and when? Is life so frail  
That Death may strike when the glorious flush  
Of youth and beauty mantles cheek and brow?  
Are our bright dreams, but given to be broken;  
And must the canker worm forever trail  
Its slimy length upon our sweetest flowers  
To blight the lily's snow, the rose's blush?  
Is there no guard with which to shield our tower  
From the fell monster, who is ever near,  
Watching his victim, as the tiger eyes  
From the dark wood the unsuspecting deer?  
Alas! what heart has not some little token  
Some frail memorial, of a cherished one  
Whom death led slowly outward from the shore  
'Till hidden from the sight forevermore!

We know the fair and beautiful must die,  
But that the young and vigorous should fade  
In the full flush of youth's most ardent dreams,  
While e'en the clearest and most searching eye  
Can see upon the brow no darkening shade  
A sad unfathomable mystery?

A FRIEND.

## Report of men Admitted into Hospital at Griffin, Ga., July 19th, 1864.

The following named soldiers were admitted into Hospitals at this Post to-day:

CATOOSA HOSPITAL.  
Private M. J. Patrick, co E, 24 Ga Cav.  
G. S. Bryan, Eng. Corps.  
Serge Jethro Jackson, co A, 6th Ga. Militia.  
Private J. F. Higgins, co F, 12th Ala Cav.  
G. Smith, co A, 24 Ga Cav.  
R. C. Roberts, co C, 7th Fla.  
V. P. Brown, Rowan's Battery.  
J. B. Dickson, co B, 25th Miss.  
J. A. Hays, co E, 1st Fla.  
J. A. Osh, co D, 24 Ga.

DIRECTOR'S HOSPITAL.  
Private Josiah Whitlock, co K, 6th Ga mil.  
W. H. Cammder, co K, 14th Miss.  
S. R. Pinkston, co C, 6th Ga mil.  
J. D. Perkins, co A, 24 Ga mil.  
William Mobly, co A, 24 Ga Bat S. S.  
G. W. Trainer, co B, 15th Miss.  
J. N. Simmons, co H, 15th Texas.  
Corp'l T. J. Read, co D, 24 Ark.  
Private Wm. A. Nevan, Marshall's Battery.

QUINTARD HOSPITAL.  
Private Jacob Durand, co B, 5th Ark.  
A. J. Mack, co E, 24 Ga.  
Serge J. M. Boone, co E, " "  
T. W. Yerley, co B, " "  
Serge Maj. G. P. Thomas, 1st

S. P. MOORE HOSPITAL.  
Private N. W. Woodcock, co K, 4th Ga.  
Wm. D. Green, co D, 19th La.  
Monroe Dupree, 1st Ga Artillery.  
Marion Jackson, co D, 29th Ga.

DIED AT CATOOSA HOSPITAL.  
Private W. C. Ferguson, co I, 19th Ark.  
Kos't. Foster, 4th

Surge, in ch'g of Hospitals.

## LATEST FROM PETERSBURG.

From the Express, 15th inst.]  
Yesterday passed off at the front without incident of special interest, or accident sufficiently serious to chronicle. The usual firing and cannonading occurred, but this kind of firing and exercise has become so constant, that ears which three or four weeks ago would have been deafened, and nerves which would have been overstrained, now regard them with the most perfect indifference. There is one gun, however, to which mortal ears may never become accustomed. It is said to belong to the Confederates, and its discharges, which were very frequent during all of Wednesday night were perfectly drowning the reverberations of the other guns. The reverberations were so great that they travelled through several seconds, and from the way they travelled upon the course of the Appomattox, must have been heard very distinctly at Farmville, or some point higher up.

Our citizens have christened this rebel monster, the "bally water," and the enemy call it the "Yankee-Killer." If its deadly effects may be correctly judged by the detonations, we think it would be safe to infer that it has sent many a man to "Kingdom Come," which being interpreted into plain English, means the place where Dives lifted up his cry and cried, Lazarus arise.

We now have the undoubted intelligence, that a band of rebels who have recently entered Maryland, have induced two of Grant's Army corps to park up "long baggage," and store for them the presence. The 6th and 24 Army Corps (Wright's and Hancock's) have been fired for the last Virginia shore. Wright made his exit on Saturday, the 23rd, leaving the reverberations of the day, and Hancock on Sunday. Hancock carries away some three thousand less than he brought to City Point about three weeks ago. Gen. Malone gathered up nearly eighteen hundred of these warriors on the 22d and booked them at Proctor's, Marshal Brigsford's Headquarters, to say nothing of at least twelve or fifteen hundred who were placed between the sea and in the hospital. Of Wright's numbers we know little. Of their powers and disposition we know a good deal, for the way they travelled from Reams' Station, during the small hours of Thursday, the 23rd, leaving their formidable breast-works and scientifically constructed "redans," was a marvel even to the Confederate grey backs who were so eager to embrace them.

Other corps are no doubt about to leave, if they are not already on their winding way. Our scouts in front of the enemy's left, failed to find them yesterday morning, although they hunted industriously for several miles.

We continue to hear of the scarcity of water in the enemy's lines, and of the villainous taste of the fluid which is now pumped up from the Appomattox. At this time they would not be surprised if they had counted as we did yesterday in the Appomattox, the putrefying carcasses of seventy-one dead horses; to say nothing of numerous other compounds which shall be named, if they are named. The Yankees supply only four or five miles below where this mass of filth "miscegenates" with the top of water, and if some of them don't need a little brandy after a day's march, they make use of the water of an ostrich. An innumerable number of Grant's men are now down with diarrhoea. When we consider that they drink, and the rotten eggs they use, it is a matter of surprise.

We understand that a body of Yankee cavalry accompanied by artillery, was moving nearly all of Tuesday night, through Prince George, in the direction of Essex. A big stealing expedition is on foot, of course. Perhaps it is only intended for forage—or it may be aimed at some Southern railroad. Deluded creatures. Will they never profit by experience? Or do they wish to learn about our cavalry another splendid battery of Napoleons, several wagons, a few Union coats, and a couple of hundred carbines, sabres, revolvers, oil casks, and cowardly Yankees, who are as much out of place on horseback, as a pig would be in a parlor.

## Financial Condition Elsewhere.

The New York World comments thus on the financial prospect ahead at the North and elsewhere:

"The latest advices from Great Britain show cause of much anxiety in regard to the future course of financial affairs. Importers and other remitters will do well to prepare for a commercial crisis, and failures which will exceed in amount and extent those of 1857."

"Strictly first class bills of exchange will prove in the end to be the cheapest, because the most safe. The multiplication of new banking institutions in Great Britain, with large nominal capital, and little paid up capital, are warnings to the prudent merchants to have nothing to do with them, or their bills or credits."

"They are sitting over the water with fancy moonshine enterprises as well as we, and probably as likely to 'come to grief.'"

"Snoring is a grating of rusty machinery, a creaking of unlubricated lungs, a family of sneezes, a kennel of barkings."

## A Noble Army.

"Soldado," a correspondent of the Appeal, thus describes the esprit de corps of the army of Tennessee. It is a glorious record of a noble army:

ARMY OF TENNESSEE, July 29, 1864.  
Editors Appeal:—In French commentaries on campaigns and battles, we constantly encounter the phrase "esprit de corps," significant of that unity of sentiment, purpose, and courage which animates an army thoroughly disciplined. No body of troops was ever characterized by more thorough devotion and fidelity of purpose than the army of Tennessee. Past campaigns have justified it. Let Sherman strike it, and the ring of the pure metal will resound through the hills and valleys of Georgia. One spirit, one soul, pervades this army. It is not, unmoved, and undimmed, in the presence of misfortune; it is as proud and defiant here in Central Georgia as when its guns startled the dwellers on the shores of the Ohio and Cumberland.

The spirit of the army of Tennessee does not derive its existence from generals-in-chief. If Cheat-ham, Loring, Bate, Walmsell or French, leading divisions, were one hundred miles away, the veteran soldiers under their orders would fight as gallantly as when directed by a lieutenant-general, or by the commander-in-chief. While this absolute, unwavering confidence subsists, while every soldier is conscious that his commander watches for his security when grasping the fruits of victory, he rarely looks beyond the remote agency of general orders, and he is not a coward. There are brigades in this army, as there are regiments, to which the loss of their immediate leaders would be disastrous; but it is true, in the army of Tennessee, whatever may be the facts, the soldiers are not conscious of the impersonations of that esprit de corps so cherished and cultivated by warriors of every age. Such are the facts as regards this army, whatever may be true of the rest led by so noble a leader. There is no one man whose loss would be fatal to our success, and no one whose presence is indispensable to victory. The same noble officers who led men to victory at Shiloh, Fort Fisher, Perryville and Chancellorsville, achieved triumphs under different lieutenant generals, and another commander-in-chief at Resaca and New Hope. Change of command has never been a disadvantage, who have never murmured, who have advanced and retreated, fortified hills, only to abandon them, and stripped for action, only to resume the line of retreat. The army is still proud and confident, as devoted to the cause they espoused; as full of hate for the ignominious race who would enslave them, as when the first gun echoed along the border of Maryland and Virginia. The soldiers who have never murmured, who have advanced and retreated, fortified hills, only to abandon them, and stripped for action, only to resume the line of retreat. 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